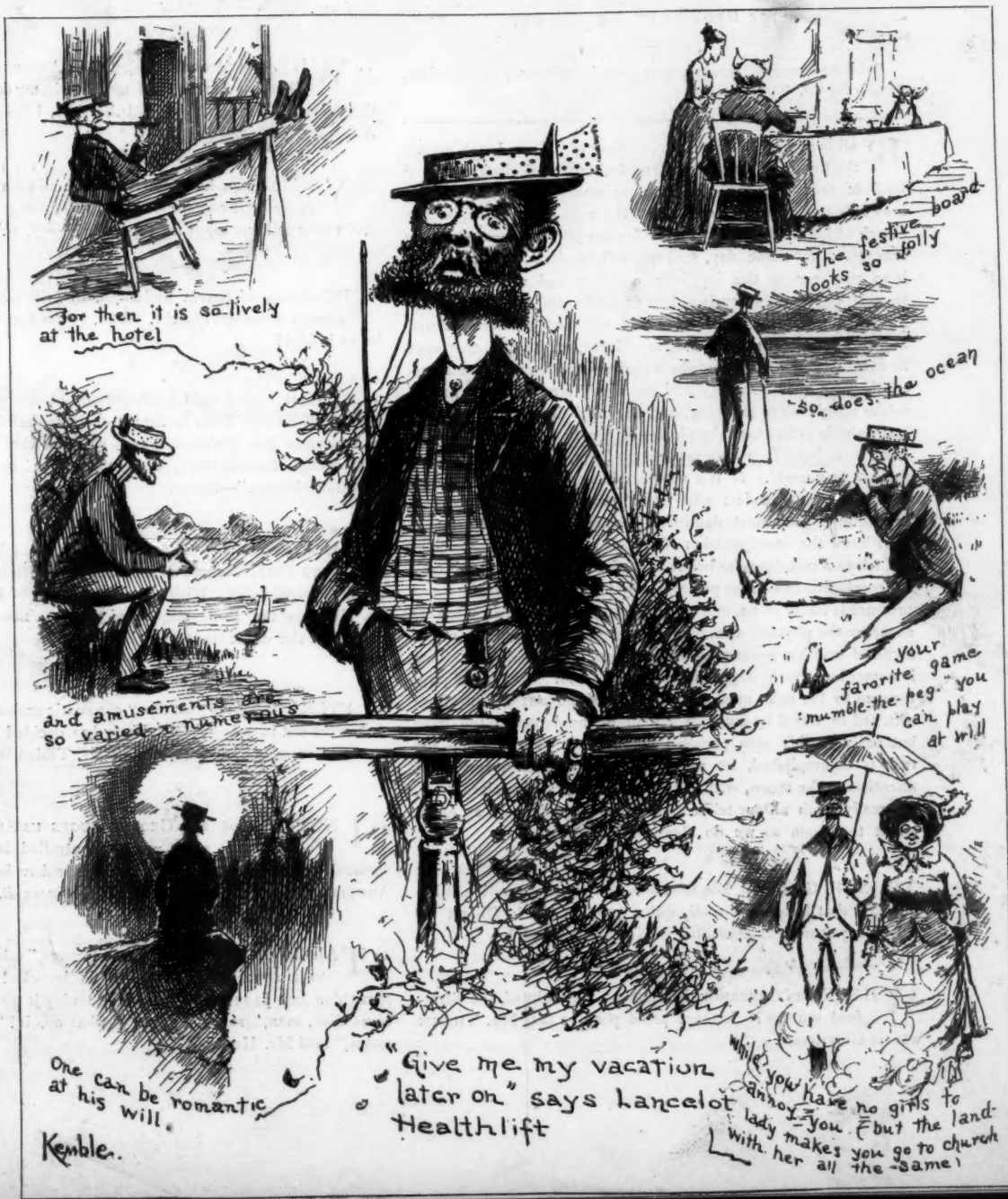




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BY all means let us have another game of hide-and-seek among the hummocks and floes and icebergs and glaciers in the land of frozen horror. There is so much to be gained. We may lose a ship and her crew, lose the vessel and men going in search of her, and lose fifty other floating coffins in search of her searchers; but some day, perhaps,—O blessed fortuity!—some hero may escape the icy jaws which closed upon him, and though the frost has deprived him of limbs, and the snow robbed him of eyesight, and the scurvy and consumption have claimed him for their own, may be able to whisper, ere he dies, that once he saw the star Polaris describe a circle about the zenith, measured the year by but one day and one night, found the compass to refuse allegiance to anything, and recorded the temperature and atmospheric pressure of the place—all for the benefit of men who never have been there, never could go there, and never would go there if they could. It is a most noble and improving pastime, worthy the profoundest admiration, most untiring zeal, vastest expenditure and most dauntless heroism. True that astronomers know the exact position of Polaris at the pole; electricians can tell to a certainty the behavior of the compass in latitude 90°; meteorologists can guess pretty nearly what the temperature and pressure is likely to be, and geographers set down with tolerable accuracy the physical characteristics of the place, but the eye of civilized man has never seen these things, and the sight of them is a guerdon worth whole hecatombs of lives. Yes, let us push forward to the pole, until the asperities of the horrid journey are softened to travel by a corduroy road of the bones of the brave but sadly foolish men perished by the way. Then, when the task is accomplished, let us build a mighty cannon and shoot scientists to the moon, with materials to shoot themselves back, for really, with all our telescopes, we know only half as much about the moon as we do about the North Pole.

PRINCE George of England has settled the question. He says that Niagara is really quite grand. Aha! Did n't we always say there was something in Niagara, after all?

WHERE was GOVERNOR BUTLER on the night of the Stratford murder? Is there proof positive that MR. TILDEN was at Greystone?

"I AM of course very much obliged to Mr. DANA—that is to say, Mr. DANA is really very kind and thoughtful, and all that, and I know he means well, but—well, Mr. DANA is very kind, I am sure, and really—but first tell me if damp powder can be dried, and if one bass drum is all that goes with a boom?"—*Holman.*

"WILL you please state that Miss Anderson is not the only dignified American. I too have in my day refused to see the Prince of Wales, although at the time, I held three jacks."—*Schenck.*

"YOU perhaps have noticed in the advertising columns of many local contemporaries a little paragraph to the effect that I now sell war maps for tuppence?"—*J. G. Bennett.*

THE Queen of Servia undertook to write poetry and is now 1,000,000 roubles in debt. Who, in the face of this fact, can be an infidel?

"FROM what I read in the papers, about harmony existing at Buffalo, I am inclined to believe that during my summer vacation the dictionary has been somewhat changed. Be kind enough to state that perfect 'harmony' reigns likewise in my establishment."—*Satan.*

THE latest addition to the ranks of Roman believers is SITTING BULL, the two MRS. BULL and fifteen or twenty of the little papal bulls. With a choice selection of Irish bulls now, his Holiness the POPE might emigrate to Texas and make a fortune in the cattle trade.

AFTER discovering that the "chromatic scales of the vibrator were not in unison," Mr. Keely has decided to briefly postpone the running of his motor until Mr. Tilden is inaugurated.

"I NOTICE that MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA says, 'The United States, as at present controlled, is a paradise for women.' Now what I want to know is, where is MR. GEORGE AGUSTUS SALA? Let me get at him."—*Susan B. Anthony.*

"TALK about Western Union, or Denver," said Mr. Hopkins to a speculative friend,—“fiddlesticks! Why, I got something last January at 35 and yesterday it was 84.” “Gracious alive, man,” said the other, “what was it?” “A thermometer,” said Mr. Hopkins.



PROGRESS.

*Elder Sister:* GERALDINE, WHY DID YOU TAKE SO MUCH TROUBLE TO SNUB THAT HANDSOME, MANLY YOUNG FELLOW WE JUST MET?

*Geraldine:* O, THAT'S HARRY HARDLINES. HE HASN'T A CENT TO HIS NAME, AND HE'S GOT A MOTHER TO SUPPORT; AND THAT SORT OF THING IS N'T GOOD FORM, YOU KNOW, NOW-A-DAYS.

"A SON SUCCÈS."

"Laugh if you like—the boy in me,  
The boy that was revived, to see."—DOBSON.

LAUGH if you like—the boy in me,  
The boy that was revived, to see;  
But I grow young at the thought when she  
Of old was mine.

For her—"Diable!" What was her name?  
Have I forgotten it? Fie, for shame!  
For her 't was first I longed for fame,  
In olden time.

On her neck first my kisses pressed;  
To her eyes first my muse addressed;  
She was the first by whom caressed  
In sweetest fashion

I learned to whisper woman's praise  
In well-worn forms and tender phrase;  
And she forgot my youthful days,  
And showed compassion.

Her cheeks—in a lily, a berry red;  
Her eyes where Love and Beauty wed.  
Ah, Beauty is Youth's guide, 't is said—

So let it be:  
For not to love, is not to pray;  
Who never loved was never gay,  
Nor lived a life in a single day,  
Like you and me.

You might have given at least a sign  
That she took his gold, as well as mine—  
But come, old fellow, drink your wine;

Then to the play!  
I'll join your toast with just a sigh—  
It's alway better to laugh than cry;  
And if, as you say, he loved her—why,  
"A son succès!"

By the author of "Better things than this," etc., etc.





CULMER BARNES

*Pat:* BY THE POWERS! BRIDGET, THAT CHLOCK BEYANT IS MUDDLIN' ME BRAINS. WHIN WE KEM ABOARD IT STHRUCK TWO, AN' IVER SINCE 'T IS ONLY WAN, WAN, WAN! DO THE CHLOCKS IN THIS COUNTRY GO BACKWARDS, I'D KNOW?

## FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

### LECTURE I.—DROWNING.\*

1. Go through his pockets.
2. If there are any trees round hang the subject up by the legs to let the water run out. If you are in a city use a lamp post.
3. If the subject be a small man pummel him with your fists to start the circulation. If he be a large man give him a shock with a galvanic battery.
4. Endeavor to start respiration by blowing in his nostrils with a pair of bellows. If you can't get a pair take one.
5. Pour down his throat a mixture of 4.76 brandy, 2.29 ipecac, 1.07 paregoric, 1.00 ammonia, .88 Winslow's Soothing Syrup. Be very careful to get the exact proportions.
6. If the above remedies produce no effects, as a last hope, sing "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By" to him, or read him a funny article from *Punch*. If he then shows no signs of writhing let him be. He was born to be drowned.
7. Go through his pockets again.

\*If you live on the coast learn the above directions by heart. If not, paste them in the back of your watch for ready reference.

A CRYING evil—street-venders.

A WHINE-MERCHANT—a dealer in bad spirits.

A GREAT many people think that Jay Gould is a bad man, and some even express doubts of the moral excellence of Samuel J. Tilden; for it does not seem unreasonable to suspect that the great worldly success of these gentlemen has been won at some cost to their moral natures. It would be interesting to know what they think of themselves and their chances in another state of existence; but Mr. Gould, when lately he told so many things about himself, left this out, and neither to Mr. Dana nor to Mr. Watterson has the Sage of Greystone confided his anticipations.

Some data in the matter are afforded by the facts brought out in an informal yacht race on the Hudson on Thursday between the *Atalanta* and the *Yosemite*, in which the latter craft, carrying Mr. Tilden and

120 lbs of steam, came in ahead, and it transpired that 70 lbs was the limit Mr. Gould allowed the *Atalanta's* boilers. Hence we discover that Mr. Gould's eagerness for the unknowable is to that of Mr. Tilden as 70 : 120; and thence conclude that Mr. Tilden's conscience is almost twice as comfortable as Mr. Gould's. But it is not absolutely safe to jump at this conclusion, because it is possible that the figures given only attest the superior firmness of Mr. Tilden's nerves; and further it is hinted and may be true that Mr. Tilden did not know how much steam his engineer was carrying; though even in this case it is in the Sage's favor that, unskilful as he is in the details of the stoker's craft, he should trust himself to his engineer and take his chances.

BUT NATURAL.

I MET her at the beach least year,  
And danced her down a dozen dances;  
Arrayed in swallow-tail 't was clear  
I stood the very best of chances;  
We lingered on the Promenade  
And parleyed personal reflections :—  
She even hinted that her Pa 'd  
Have no objections.

I own I felt encouraged then  
To rid my heart's prevailing passion,  
So in the manner of all men  
I made love in the modern fashion ;  
I soiled a pair of broad-cloth knees  
And grew as sentimental as a  
Poor mortal can—in slow degrees—  
On the piazza.

This afternoon upon Broadway  
I passed her looking sweet as ever,  
I wore my summer suit of grey—  
'T is rather shabby, true,—however,  
I raised my hand to touch my hat,  
Responsive to the smile she 'd show me;  
It grieves me sore to mention that  
She did n't know me !

DEMPY.



WITH a royal fanfare of journalistic drums comes Mr. Henry Irving to our stage, and with his coming an anonymous 200 page compilation, entitled "Henry Irving. A short account of his Public Life," published by William S. Gottsberger, New York. In the preface, the author modestly says :

" This little book does not pretend to be more than a compilation. The author has had no special opportunities for obtaining any private information, and has never "interviewed" Mr. Irving. The history of his progress as an artist is public property for those who know where to seek it ; but to those who do not, or who lack time and patience, the facts and opinions here collected for the first time cannot fail to be interesting, if the man and his art appeal to their sympathies."

This reads very smoothly, and promises well. Further, the author says :

" The facts remain : the great fact—Henry Irving himself ; and the accessory fact that he is *the* English speaking actor of our time."

Here we begin to perceive the *griffe* of the advance agent. Now read :

" We have heard a story of a damsel of good degree whose dream in life it was to touch Henry Irving, if it were but the hem of his garment, and who, to this end was content to wait outside the theatre after a performance of Hamlet, and open his cab door.

What was her delight when—*unconscious no doubt of the fair one's rank in life*\*—he rewarded her services with a penny which she ever after wore on her watch chain ! *Se non é vero é ben trovato.* On another occasion, a party of maiden enthusiasts were so happy as to pick up a glove dropped by the object of their admiration—four fingers, a thumb, the palm, the back—seven precious fragments to treasure in their desks !"

Now this is about the most ineffable trash with which an actor has been smeared by way of advertisement, even in this age of toadyism and puffery. If the author adhered simply to facts or to sensible criticism, the book would be of value, even were it clearly stamped with his agent's ear-mark, for it certainly contains much information about the actor which is of interest ; but as it is loaded down with frippery and maudlin sentiment, it will prove as nauseous to the public as it no doubt has already to Mr. Irving himself.

AGNUS FATUUS IN WALL STREET.

V.

*Assem habeas, assem valeas.*



HAT evening at the Conglomerate Club Agnus Fatuus was sublime. He magnanimously treated Silenus to wine. He knew it was wine, for the list said so and the price was a wine price ; otherwise he might have thought it rancid soda water debauched by New England rum.

Silenus learned of the day's operations. He expressed no surprise, but significantly asked Agnus how long he thought his luck would last.

Agnus gave him the capitalist smile—that smile which only illumines the human face when a rich man affably converses with a poor but well-meaning friend—and informed his guest that there did n't seem to be much luck about it ; that making profits on stock operations called for judgment and nerve.

" And can you buy these ready-made ?" sneered Silenus.

Agnus explained that he was naturally endowed with great mental force and rare grasp of mind in financial matters. That he would make Silenus himself rich if he (Silenus) would but follow good counsel and benefit by his (Agnus') experience.

The aged, wary, scarred veteran choked—voiceless

\* The italics are ours. ED. LIFE.



*Baggagemaster (to old lady who has been causing him a great deal of unnecessary trouble): WELL, MUM, I JUST WISH YOU WAS AN ELEPHANT AND THEN YOU'D ALWAYS HAVE YOUR TRUNK RIGHT UNDER YOUR EYES.*

with rage and purple with amazement at the audacity of this callow recruit. Then hoarsely, as if speaking under a pillow, he grunted, "Go on, Sir."

Agnus informed him with calm zeal that the first point was to select a good stock. Then to order it bought, and, lastly, to rake in the profit.

Silenus, husky with suppressed emotion, said:

"Suppose the stock do n't advance?"

"Ah!" replied Agnus, "it's got to advance if your brokers understand their business and you do n't lose your nerve. Besides, you don't buy it exactly, anyhow; the broker margins it with something or other, you know, and then the tape tells the whole story."

Silenus rolled his eye-balls fearfully.

"Tape?" he gurgled.

"Yes," said Agnus, "these brokers have a thing they call a ticker, and there's a paper tape comes out

of this from 10 A.M. to 3 P.M., and this works the prices up, you know. You would soon understand it."

"Oh! I would, would I?"

"And you think you understand it, you infernal mud-brained lunatic! You jack-assified parody on a cabbage head! You idiotic driveller of nonsense which would be rejected in a political platform! Give me some air! Bring me a gun! I'll kill him and nail his skin on the club door as a warning to fools! Bring me a gun, some one, or I'll kill him with a spoon!"

Agnus fled to young Fitz Asinus.

"That violent old Silenus is cursing me again," he moaned.

"Fearful old brute," replied Fitz Asinus, "what is he swearing at you for now?"

"I was giving him some points on stocks," said Agnus, "and he began to threaten my life."

"Really! Fatuus, it almost serves you right. He has n't got any money, you know, and it always makes a man with no money mad to talk about such things with him. I never talk about money unless I know a fellow has got a lot, do n't you see; then he feels flattered by the attention unless he is a coarse brute like a bank president and jealous of what you know, do n't you know."

As Fitz Asinus arranged his bang at the mirror Agnus sighed and said:

"I wish I knew as much as you do, old man. I am a miserable fellow—no tact—only fit to make money. I made \$35,000 to-day."

Fitz Asinus raised his eyebrows under his bang.

"You made thirty-five thousand dollars! How?"

"I followed the point you gave me last night. Bought Oceanic Mail."

"The point I gave you! Lord! Why did n't I keep it myself?" groaned Fitz Asinus. And he went out and wept bitterly.

Agnus sought old Cræsus (firm of Cræsus, Midas & Co., brokers and bankers). That magnate was reading the money article in an evening paper for information. (Mem.—The article had been written by a financier who earned eighteen dollars a week and owed thirty-six for beer.)

A half hour's conversation closed as follows (Cræsus speaking oracularly):

"So, my boy, do n't be misled by to-day's transaction. Never touch a non-dividend paying stock. Buy only good stocks, through a solid house; then the interest earned carries the stock until you can sell out at a profit. The stock business under these conditions is safe, pleasant and profitable, the element of dangerous gambling eliminated, and operations are based upon logical premises afforded by the yield of the harvests, the moving of the crops, the general business outlook of the country, and the phases of the money market. Do this and live within your income and you must accumulate wealth. Violate these rules and your occupation becomes gambling, your end poverty."

"By Jove! I will," said Agnus. "I'll buy a lot of the stocks you have named!"

How he bought on the morrow and how he fared is told in the next chapter.



VI.

*Cœur qui conseillent ne paient pas.*



HE warmth with which Agnus was received at Raquemin, Shearum & Co.'s was effusive. He had a good balance to his credit, was young, and wanted to gamble.

These are they beloved of brokers.

Agnus now had really good "points," and of

course his remaining transactions are easily described.

He invested his fifty-five thousand dollars quietly, calmly, dispassionately, as margin in buying that solid investment stock Central Railroad of Alaska. The stock was gilt-edged. Families held it and ate of the fruits thereof. Trust funds sought it. A few leaves of this rich vine scattered through the contents of a loan-envelope would make even silver mining stocks good as collaterals. The bank president with the bushiest eyebrow (the bushiness of the president's eyebrows is always the measure of the bank's solidity) never hesitated to pass it as good. The market price of this sample of securities, more than secure, was but \$112 per share. It paid clock-work dividends of seven per cent.

Agnus was safe.

Safe until ugly rumors spread, safe until large blocks of the stock were hurled upon the market by panic-stricken holders, safe until the grizzly and the polar bear, and the black bear of Europe (with a strong Hebrew accent), and the Cinnamon-bear (with a perfumed handkerchief), and the cave-bear (fresh from a beer-tunnel) jumped upon it and tore the hollow entrails of it. Safe until the Receiver unmercifully appointed to try to save the half-rotten ties and rusty rails on which its borrowed cars were running away with widows' savings, could call a halt and by strenuous borrowing raise the value of the wrecked property to a point where himself and the lawyers were justified in stealing the remains.

Alas! poor Agnus Fatuus!

Where now is the dainty suite of apartments with easy access to the club? Where the unlimited wardrobe, the envy of rising dandies? Where the luxurious evenings and the idle days? Gone! Fled forever by way of the Central Railroad of Alaska!

Raquemin, Shearum & Co. themselves were crippled. They could not help him. Beside the city-houses, Newport villas, jewelry, lands, paintings and other trifles owned by their wives, both Raquemin and

Shearum were pauperized. The pair could hardly have raised half a million of dollars—unless the venture offered were an exceptionally good one.

Fitz Asinus told him flatly that there was no use trying to help a man who carried an umbrella with a beastly wooden handle. All the correct men had hammered silver handles to their umbrellas. He wanted to do what was right, you know, but he had seen Agnus with the same scarf-pin now for a week, and if a man would set himself up as eccentric, how could any one help him?

Silenus spoke to Agnus but once after the crash. It was in a street-car a month or two after the Central Railroad of Alaska had gone into the hands of a receiver. What he said was—"Can't you conductors ring your condemned bell-punches outside instead of springing the thing off in a passenger's ear?"

That night the driver of Agnus' car called him aside and threatened to "punch" him on the ground of "not dividing fair on his knocking-down." And this driver was a red-nosed man, who smelled of too recent onions and wore no cravat.

Alas! poor Agnus!

The moral of his fate is not buried in the bottom of a well. It is not that kind of a story. The moral is that a sufficiently large credit balance, and acting on good "points," would bankrupt the Rothschild family before three o'clock P.M.

MANAT.



NIHILIST SONG.

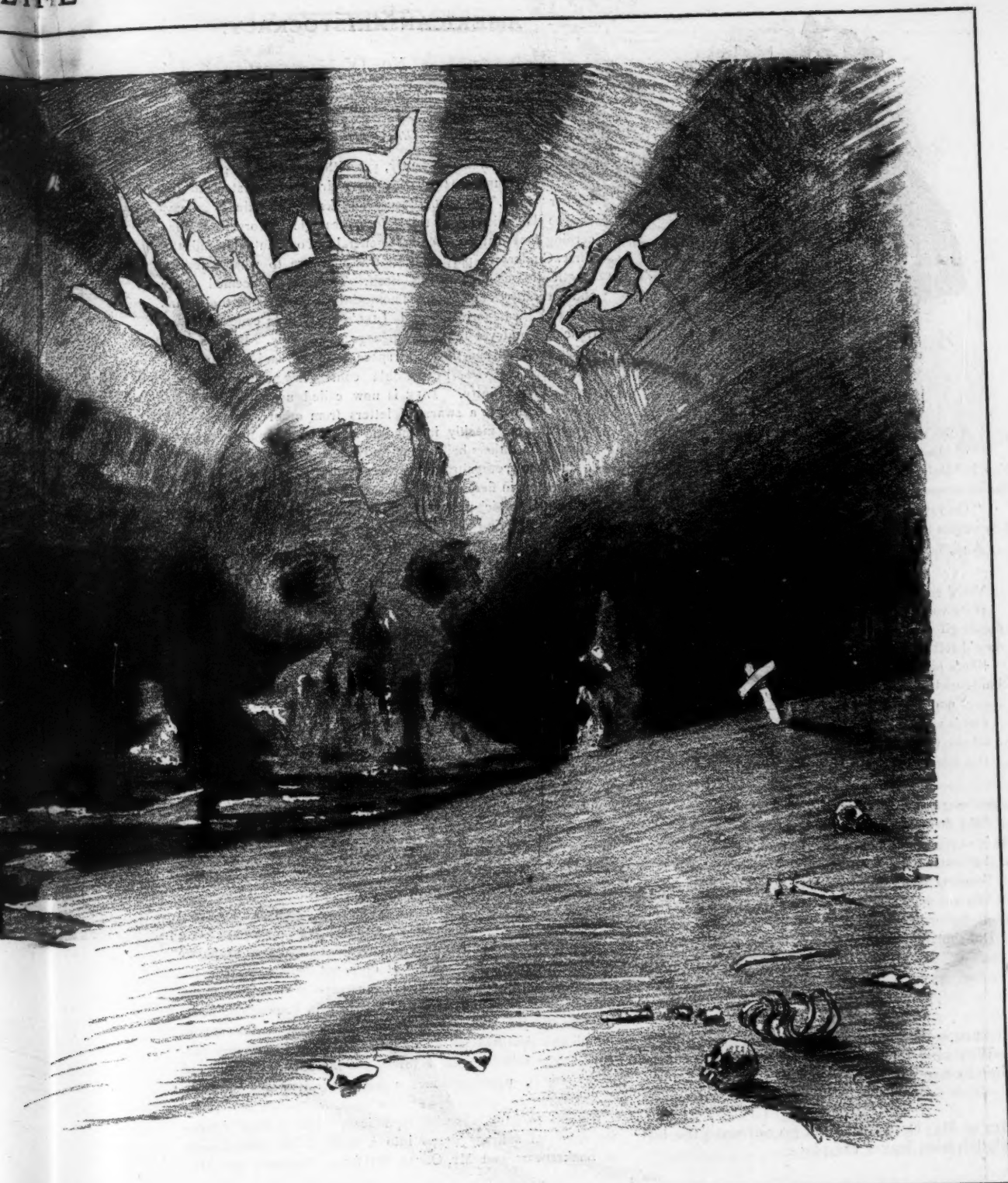
**T**WINKLE, twinkle, little Czar;  
Now I wonder how you are!  
Up above the world you shy,  
Light with dynamite—Oh! my!

As your flying sceptre's spark  
Lights the prisoner from the dark  
Mines of cold Siberia,  
Twinkle, twinkle, little Czar!



M





## AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

## No. IV.

"I do not like the office;  
But, sith I am entered in this cause so far,  
Prick'd to it by foolish honesty and love,—  
I will go on."—*Othello* III. 3.



LILY.

AIRY, fairy Lily!  
Dot leedle Deutch gal, Lily!  
Ven I ekshd her off she love me,  
She shoomp right oop, by shinks, and shoves me—  
"Go vay, Hans, you silly."  
Lily veighs two hoonert pound,  
Airy, fairy Lily.

Ven I gourt dot Lily  
(Lily vos a vidder),  
I do n'd gif somedings away,  
I do n'd tell her vot I say—  
She's no pig vool, needer:  
Schmile und schmile youst all de vile,  
Whispers nodding oudt, but schmile,—  
Dot's youst like a vidder;  
Vot off she veigh tree hoonert pound,  
Dot ish no heft for a vidder.

Ve gets married rightd away  
Off I do n'd gif her der midden.  
Lily's so pig ash a bale of hay,  
But she's youst like a kitten.  
When ve fight, den we agree;  
Lily vos de gal for me—  
Vot off she veigh seex hoonert pound,  
Dot shblaindid vidder, Lily!

HAROLD VAN SANTVOORD.

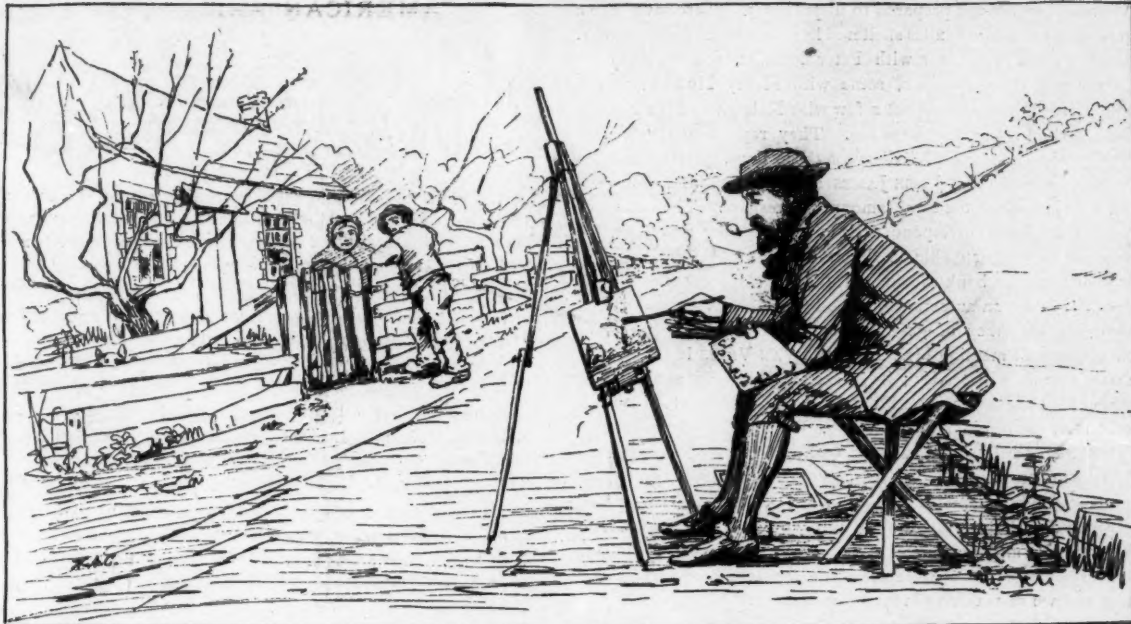
A DANGEROUS summer resort. Man-chased-her-by-the-sea. Why not change its name to "Villain-still-pursued-her-by-the-sea."

THE fires at Mt. Desert will not go out until the last Phair Philadelphian leaves the place.

WHEN LIFE inadvertently, yet with benevolence, gave place in its columns to the various conundrums of our esteemed subscriber "KILL VON KULL," several weeks ago, and kindly endeavored to slake his violent thirst for genealogical information concerning American Aristocrats in general and our mutual friends the First Circle in particular, it was unaware to what a fearful length it was committing itself. The subject seemed easily and naturally exhaustible. The questions were, as he took pains to state, "categorical," and LIFE's reply was couched in as trenchant and yet musical language as possible. But a second attack on LIFE and time and space followed, and still another, until now the vista of possible controversy which looms up stretches to infinity. LIFE is now called upon to give place in its columns to a swarm of letters from other esteemed subscribers, some meekly inclined to dispute its canons of genealogical faith, others belligerently advancing a sweeping denial of its statements, others paying it the sweetest tribute of incense and balm, others in fierce but somewhat unorthodox rhetoric berating the audacity which prompted any exposition of a social democracy, and some capering with delirious gladness over the possibility of having their own private axes ground, and clamoring to be allowed to "touch up" this or that social demigod of their own especial clique. One enthusiastic gentleman—whose script and orthography are brilliantly unconventional, but whose ideas cannot wholly be grasped, owing to his having expressed them in that variety of idiom peculiar to Limerick, in the South of France—has evidently somewhat misconceived impressions of LIFE and its mission, for, after an exuberant burst of derision, he entreats us to "go for thim dudes," and "make it hot fur the bloats"—by which latter term, it is to be supposed, he means our esteemed friends who control the public highways leading from this city to the boundless North and West, influence the rise and fall of certain hydraulic securities, possess the bobtail conveyances running on our streets, and are otherwise enormously powerful persons.

To these esteemed subscribers, collectively, there is but one answer to be made—LIFE is neither a snob nor a socialist. It as firmly refuses to admit that mono-phalangeal shoes, affectionate trousers, altitudinous collars and a telescopic hat necessarily make a man a fool, as it declines to acknowledge that these picturesque articles of apparel, or a heavy bank account, a lop-sided pedigree, a *retroussee* disposition, an extensive acquaintance or a listless drawl, can entitle an ignorant idler or a riotous profligate to be considered a gentleman. It does not believe that to the shop-girl, the nurse, the cook, the housemaid and the seamstress, however excellent in morals and womanly in disposition, justly belongs the title "lady," no more than does it to that purse-proud and tip-tilted person of grand estate and immense patronage, who sinks all that is lovely and loveable in her sex and shows only the ugliest and most unbearable traits which humanity can evolve.

Neither is LIFE a social republican. The wildest clamor for universal suffrage drops into a hush at the presentment of Shakespeare and Mr. OSCAR WILDE or Napoleon and Mr.



A LA CAMPAGNE.

*Cadmium (soliloquizing):* RATHER PICTURESQUE SORT OF OLD PEOPLE—QUIET LIFE—SIMPLICITY—OUT OF DOORS—NATURE.

*Old people in question:* 'TAKIN' A PHOTOGRAPH OF THIM DID APPLE TREES IS IT HE'S DOIN'? IS THE YOUNG MON IN HIS RIGHT MOIND, D' YE THINK, MR. MULLIGAN?

AH, IT'S WANDERFUL, MESSUS MAGINNIS; THERE'S WAN HAS SET THREE DAYS IN THE LANE BELOW A DRAWIN' OF PAT RILEY'S PIGS. IT BATES ALL WHAT SOME IS WILLIN' TO DO TO MAKE A LIVIN'.

ARCHIBALD GUNTHER upon the same intellectual plane, notwithstanding that the anatomist's unsentimental scalpel might demonstrate the difference between them to be scarcely worth mention. There are lines of caste drawn by man as sharp as are those of latitude and longitude, and, in most cases, just as imaginary. To steer for any one particular fashionable harborage, it is no doubt necessary to take most accurate observations with the social quadrant and port or starboard the cordial helm in accordance with the result; yet to neglect this precaution is neither to incur risk of wreck nor yet that of remaining always at sea. The compass of common-sense is usually a sufficient guide, except to that port most frequented by our friends the First Circleers, where of course it would not do at all.

But here is another letter.

NEWPORT, Sept. 27th, 1883.

*To the Editor of LIFE.*—Thanks for the socialistic sentiments expressed in your reply to my last letter. I might have expected them from Karl Marx, O'Donovan Rossa or Denis Kearney, but to receive them from LIFE occasioned me at least faint surprise. I had known for some time that Nihilism was represented in this country by vagabond exiles, but I was unaware that among American institutions, pure and simple, I could find so zealous an exponent of its principles, or rather lack of them. Does Mr. Rossa own stock in your journal, and is Mr. Kearney an editorial writer?

KILL VON KULL.

We regret to say, that notwithstanding most earnest solicitations, Mr. Rossa has up to the present time persistently refused to assume the control of this journal, and that none of Mr. Kearney's editorials have yet appeared in our columns, owing to the hopeless impossibility of cold type doing justice to his vigor and general brilliancy of style. Mr. Karl Marx would be pleased to write for us, but for the unfortunate fact that he is dead. The Nihilists write us from Siberia that they are too busy, trying to keep warm, to even think of American Aristocracy, much less write about it, and hence, fortunately, the pleasure of replying to Mr. KILL VON KULL's letters devolves upon the editor.

Now as regards Nihilism in this country. Recent reports from Buffalo would seem to indicate there is some. There may be a great deal. But an intimate knowledge of Nihilism involves a familiarity with dynamite, tri-nitro-glycerine, dualin, pyroxyllin, fulminating silver and other playful compounds, which are fickle and possessed of unpleasant habits. Hence the Editor of LIFE has been laggard in investigating the subject. But there *is* in this country a something which appeals more strongly to the American sense of humor, and that is a tendency to establish an autocracy, which is, of course, the natural offspring of the Constitution our forefathers framed.

Mr. KILL VON KULL is responsible for the statement that "Nihilism is represented in this country by vagabond exiles."



At present we are not prepared to dispute this. There have been a great many vagabond exiles sheltered here, at one time and another. Some of them came over with Peter Minuits, some with John Carver and Miles Standish, some with Henry Hudson, plenty with Lord Baltimore, and not a few with Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake. Sad rakes they were too. They represented a species of No-Property-Rights Nihilism in those days, pretty much as the late lamented Mr. JESSE JAMES did recently, and were entitled to just about the same amount of respect. The views of their descendants correspond. Exactly what they represent, we have not as yet been able to determine. It is not an autocracy of wealth, as the bank account of the VAN KANTALOUPEs will show; it is not an autocracy of blood (*vide* the PUMPKYNS); it is hardly an autocracy of good manners, as those who have had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS, *née* KOBBLESTON, will testify; it is certainly not an autocracy of genius,—witness the recent novel of Mr. HOWARD-HOWARD DESMITH, the original play of Mrs. BLANCHE DUNDERTEUFEL SYMMONS, and the late histrionic outburst of Miss GWENDOLYN PUMPERNICKEL—and it can scarcely be considered exactly an autocracy of morals, if the fruits of the season at Newport are considered. Perhaps it is not an autocracy at all. In that case, the extremist might oscillate towards the belief that it is Nihilism. Our esteemed subscriber seems to be possessed of facts in the case, and we respectfully await his statement.

*Eau de Cologne*—a bill for perfumery.

*Ecce homo*—shoot the dude.

*Ex "post" facto*—a blockhead.

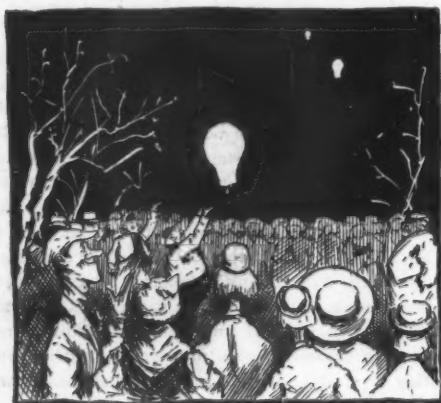


MR. WYNDHAM and his company in "Pink Dominos;" Miss Charlotte Thompson in "The Romanoff;" Mlle. Aimée as Bettina in "The Mascotte;" the *debut* of Mlle. Nixon; Rose Eytinge at the People's Theatre, and the "Mulligan Guards Picnic" at the Theatre Comique—these were exhibited last week at the playhouses. This week we have Miss Davenport in "Fidora" at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, the opening of Daly's with "Dollars and Sense," the Opening of Wallack's with "Masks and Faces" and some other entertaining events of the early season. You will perceive, therefore, that your dramatic critic is a somewhat hard-worked person whose capacity for observing the good and especially the bad of the stage, must be practically unlimited. Let us suggest concisely what was accomplished last week.

There was Mr. Wyndham at the Union Square Theatre with his Englishmen who pronounce "here" as "hyar" and who ought logically, therefore, to pronounce "bear" as "bar." Mr. Wyndham is a very lively actor, who wears new store trousers in every part that he does, and who talks glibly through his nose. His ability as an actor is chiefly demonstrated by his agility, or, if you will, pedestrianism. He is always on the go, and he makes his fellow actors go too. "Pink Dominos" is the representative piece of its class. The class was designed for the virtuous playgoer. It illustrates the genius of man as a gay deceiver of innocent woman. But the woman, for the cause of sound ethics, always has the best of it. Mr. Wyndham's bouncing efforts as the gay deceiver show all the fruits of ripe experience.

But, for real liveliness, give me "The Mulligan Guards' Picnic," or anything with a Mulligan in it. They make the dust fly at the Theatre Comique, and when a score of able-bodied men, representing the Celts and the "niggers" of the East Side begin to

### A STUDY IN CAUSE AND EFFECT.



(SPECIAL TO THE NEW YORK DRIBBLER.)

BUFFALO, JULY 20TH, 1883.—At the open air concert of the Saengerfest a large and enthusiastic audience witnessed the ascension of several beautiful fire-ballons, which after rising quietly for a few minutes, took an easterly direction before a strong breeze from the lake.



(SPECIAL TO THE NEW YORK DRIBBLER.)

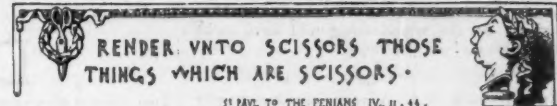
ROCHESTER, JULY 21ST, 1883.—Last evening Prof. Heffenhener, from the roof of his *new* barn, discovered three *new* comets by the aid of his powerful *new* telescope. This makes ninety-four comets which the Professor has detected in the past three weeks and entitles him to the prize offered by the Rock and Rye Appetizer Co., consisting of an elegant silver wine-cooler, mounted in antique bronze.

belabor one another on Mr. Harrigan's stage, the significance of action in the drama becomes overpowering. You should see the "Picnic," and, in fact, you should see all the Mulligan plays. They are full of certain picturesque American types—types that one is eager, all the same, to keep at a distance. They suggest Baxter Street and Catherine Market. Now, it must not be supposed that life in Baxter Street is without its own peculiar charm. Believe me, your Dan Mulligan, or your Mrs. Allup is—in fiction—a highly interesting and instructive character.

Here is the melancholy tale "The Romanoff": A very passionate Hungarian Princess whose name is full of consonants, is engaged to marry a blonde fellow, who, after the Russian fashion, carries his hat—and perhaps his heart—upon his sleeve. He has something to do with Nihilism and is shot by the police. He is brought into the presence of the Princess, with a large quantity of red paint upon his shirt. This is meant for gore. The Princess swears to avenge his death. She proceeds, therefore, to fall in love a second time. Her second lover turns out to be the betrayer of her first lover. The dilemma is awkward. The Princess loves one whom she ought to hate. In her despair she kills herself. That is an easy way out of a hard problem. The characters in "The Romanoff," like the characters in all plays which touch upon Russian life, have very disagreeable names. But it appears to be a theory among contemporary playwrights that a name with an itch to it must mean a great deal more than a name like Smith. Therefore, these dramatists write Russian plays—which are, oddly enough, inevitably slow. But "The Romanoff" is not much of a slow play. That is one of its merits. On the whole, it is not a bad thing and reflects some credit upon Mr. Harry St. Maur, its author.

Rose Eytinge and Aimée are tender reminiscences; yet both are still good actresses. But poor little Aimée should not try to sing "The Mascotte." Mlle. Nixon is a very pretty woman, with a charming voice. French opera at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, however, has been chiefly noticeable for a chorus of surprising ugliness.

We are convinced that the season has begun when the patriarchal head of Wallack's announces his intentions. Mr. Wallack set forth his announcement early last week. Mr. Wallack will, of course, contrive to offer for the edification of his patrons, that "legitimate entertainment which has hitherto marked his management. From this it might be inferred that Mr. Wallack will produce more plays like "Taken From Life," "The World," "La Belle Russe," and other illustrious examples of "legitimate entertainment." Fortunately Mr. Wallack means well, though he has a conveniently bad memory.



#### HER PICTURE.

SUNLIGHT falls on her pictured face,  
Rimmed in a frame of gold;  
The selfsame pose of a careless grace,  
That I remember of old.  
'T was here we stood long years ago,  
She in that very dress!  
And I heard this syllable—sweet and low  
From her rose-red mouth, 't was—"Yes!"

So many years! And yet I'll swear—  
Now, standing in this place—  
I can smell the rose she hath in her hair,  
While I look upon her face!  
I feel the clasp of her slender hand,  
Gentle, yet clinging fast,  
And I almost feel I am young again,  
Though so many years have past.

And yet, could I live over the space  
Of those Indian summer days,  
Bring back to my life this sweet, fair face,  
The canvas here portrays,  
Were it wise to lose the peace that is mine,  
For the restless hopes that have fled?  
Not so; whatever is—is best.  
"Let the dead past bury its dead!"

WASHINGTON was the father of his country, and blowing out the gas on retiring is one of its smotherers.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

LAWRENCEBURG, Indiana, has a turtle that catches rats and eats them. Now, we're not saying a word against the fauna of Lawrenceburg, but we will admit, without a line of discussion, that they have either the fastest turtles or the slowest rats that can be found in all the vast, illimitable, fathomless, and eternal universe, and we've got money to put up on that entire statement.—*Burdette in S. F. Argonaut.*

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MR. RICHARD GRANT WHITE, it appears, does not approve of the colossal statue of Liberty for New York harbor. So the whole thing will have to be abandoned after all!—*Transcript*.

MR. BERGH, the S. P. C. A. man, says it is cruelty to animals to catch fish with a hook. There would n't be much fun in fishing if a man had to dive under the water and hold chloroform to a fish's nose until it becomes unconscious, and then hit it on the head with a hammer.—*Norristown Herald*.

THERE is a man in Vermont whose brains have dried up so that they rattle around like beans in a drum when he shakes his head. We have heard men without brains rattling with their tongues while they shook their heads at the audience, and think that the Vermonter's case is preferable.—*Texas Siftings*.

"WHY do these men run so fast this warm weather? Is anybody dying? No! How red their faces are. They will burst a blood vessel. See, they are almost fainting, but still they try to run. Poor fellows! Have they just escaped from prison?" "No, my child. They have summer cottages out of town, and are merely trying to catch a train."—*Philadelphia News*.

If you will let me take your stick of candy, I'll show you how I can swallow it, and make it come out of my ear." The candy was delivered. The young magician deliberately ate it. Then for the space of two minutes he threw himself into violent contortions. The candy failing to appear, he said to the expectant spectator, with an air of great disappointment, "I believe I've forgotten the rest of it."—*Peck's Sun*.

A NEW YORK critic says Oscar Wilde's "Vera" is "a good play to take on the road, and the sooner it is taken the better." The actor and actresses who appear in this play, we understand, are both capable and respectable, and why the New York critic should desire them to be subjected to rural ovations of indisposed products of the hen, is inexplicable. Let Oscar travel and read his play.—*Norristown Herald*.

Music at home (the egotism of genius).—Eminent violinist—"Dell me—who is dat liddle paid old chendleman vis de vite viskers and ze bince-ner, looking at the bigchus?" Hostess—"It's my Uncle Robertson. I'm grieved to say he is quite deaf!" Eminent violinist—"Ach, I am so sorry for him! He will not be able to hear me blay ze vittle!"—*London Punch*.

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